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WILLIAMS VERSE

CENTENNIAL
EDITION

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WILLIAMS VERSE

COLLECTED FROM : : : HER UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATIONS : : : : :

EDITED BY

FREDERIC MILLER SMEDLEY
FRANK HAMMOND GRIGGS
AND HOWARD OPDYKE

CENTENNIAL EDITION

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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TO

THE CENTURY

OF

ACTIVITY AND PROGRESS

WHICH HAS ATTENDED

WILLIAMS COLLEGE

PREFACE.

IN introducing this little volume of *Williams Verse* to the college world, the editors have acted with many compunctions, feeling as they do their inability to throw a proper appreciation into the work. It has, however, been evident for some time that a volume of such verse should be collected, which would bring into prominence that department of college literature in which Williams has shown herself particularly capable. What occasion could be more fortunate for its appearance than the centennial anniversary which the College is about to celebrate? Thus a modest collection of what has appeared in our periodicals in all the wide range from the sonnet to the lighter verse, more recently so noticeable in undergraduate publications, will prove, it is hoped, a fitting souvenir of an observance which is dear to every Williams man.

The poems contained within these covers represent what has seemed the best of verse production which has appeared in our college periodicals—

judged, that is, from the standpoint of the reader who enjoys and criticises such writings, but is confessedly unable to produce a single stanza worthy of being printed.

The editors are particularly indebted to the collection of *Williams Verses* which appeared some six or seven years ago, and to Mr. Abbott and Mr. Richardson, more especially, for the aid which their excellent taste in selection has given them, and they regret exceedingly the incursion which it seemed right to make into their territory. Thanks are also due Mr. Burr, our College librarian, for his assistance in obtaining complete files of the publications which Williams has in turn fostered—the *Quarterly Athenæum*, *Argo*, *Fortnight*, *Literary Monthly*, *Weekly*, and *Gulielmensian*. Much kindly assistance has been rendered the editors by many of the alumni in determining the authorship of anonymous verse. The necessity for some reference to Williams songs has led to the placing of a few of the more distinctive at the end of the volume.

FREDERIC MILLER SMEDLEY, '93.
FRANK HAMMOND GRIGGS, '93.
HOWARD OPDYKE, '93.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, May, 1893.

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THE BIRTH OF THE SONNET.

BESIDE the southern sea, in days of old,
Once stood Apollo, with the Graces three,
The Muses, and their mother Memory,—
In all fourteen,—to sing the age of gold :
And first Apollo's voice in music rolled,
Then each in turn sang to the listening sea,
Till Memory took up the melody,
And in her thoughtful voice the end was told.

Thus, then, was born the Sonnet. 'T is the lord
Of all the figments of a poet's brain,
If to its fourteen lines he can award
That order of Apollo and his train,—
The God of Song to strike the opening chord,
While Memory evokes the closing strain.

E. G. Benedict.

ROSES.

YOU plucked a rosebud yesterday,
As I was standing by your side,
To give me. Were you thinking, pray,
Of what the flower signified?

For roses have a subtle sense,
A sense which is not shown above;
And when a maid a rose presents,
Its hidden meaning is, I love.

Take back your rose,—unless you knew
That such a meaning I would guess.
The flower, though given e'en by you,
Is worse to me than valueless.

But if you knew what roses meant,
Take back your rose, I still repeat,
To find there, not the love you sent,
But mine amid the petals sweet.

E. G. Benedict.

SUN AND MOON.

[*From an Iceland Myth.*]

THE Sun and Moon lived side by side
In the ages long ago,
She was a maiden full of life,
And he a warrior hot for strife;
He fain would have her for his bride.
She loved him, yes,
But she ever answered, no.

The Sun and Moon lived side by side,
In the ages long ago,
And ever he wooed her his wife to be,
But the Moon still clung to her coquetry,
And the patient love of the Sun defied.
She loved him, yes,
But she ever answered, no.

Too long to play with the Sun she tried,
In the ages long ago;
And now forever faded and old,
Pale and lifeless and wofully cold,
She must wander over the heaven wide.
She loved him, yes,
But too long she answered, no.

And so it is that the Moon alway,
As she wanders the heaven through,

Looks ever down with a gentle face
On things that are old and commonplace
In the bright and garish light of day ;
She pities them,
But she cares not for the new.

G. L. Richardson.

THE GRAVE OF MERLIN.

THE forest of Broceliande
Glooms o'er the yellow stretch of sand
Beside the tossing, purple sea
Which breaks on dreamy Brittany.
But never noise from out the deep,
Or boom of breakers on the steep,
Passes beyond the silent band
Which marks the wood Broceliande.

There in the magic forest's shade
Lies Merlin, Arthur's wizard friend ;
By her he loved the best betrayed,
He sleeps the sleep that knows no end.
Merlin the old, who lived of yore,
Merlin the proud, who lived to rule,
Merlin the wise, who knew all lore,
Merlin the lost, who loved,—a fool.

The sunlight shimmers through the trees,
The softly-crooning summer breeze
Pauses upon its vagrant way,
The hare speeds past, a flash of gray,
And full-throat birds their singing cease;
Where Merlin sleeps reigns perfect peace,
And o'er him blows a banner grand,—
The forest of Broceliande.

E. G. Benedict.

BALLADE OF REVERIE.

I.

IN the pine forests deep and dim and wide,
Where balmy odors blow from every tree,
Where "dowery dells" arbutus blossoms hide,
And Nature seems in sweet repose to be,
And naught disturbs my silent reverie;
There lying, lazy, rhyming line to line,
I watch the swift clouds floating, dreamily,
I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

II.

When, all the west with rich red pigment dyed,
The sun sets glorious in a golden sea,
And comes the gentle twilight to divide
The day from night; when o'er the silent lea

There buzzing comes a big belated bee,
  Weighted with honey of the eglantine,
Who flies toward home and passes near to me—
  I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

III.

When by clear streams that gently downward slide
  And murmur softly in their quiet glee;
When Dian rises and begins to glide
  Between the stars e'en as she still would flee
Orion and his importunity;
  When nightingales sing from the swaying vine,
Then with my soul from cares and troubles free,
  I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

L'ENVOI.

Yes, when I lie in wildwood greenery,
  And watch the morn, the noon, the night decline,
My soul is thrilled with silent sympathy—
  I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

I. W. Allen, Jr.

TO AN OLD SPANISH FAN.

AH! black lace fan, with sweet perfume,
  Thou didst belong to some fair maid
Of ancient Spain, who in her bloom,
On moonlit evenings often strayed

Where golden orange blossoms glow,
By Guadalquivir's dreamy flow.

Her soft hair fallen about her face,
  She plucked the roses wet with dew
That gained, when fastened in her lace,
  A sweeter odor than they knew;
And one she placed within her hair,
That died with pride at being there.

With you, black fan, in her white hand,
  Giving it still a whiter hue,
Where'er she went throughout the land
  The youthful nobles knelt to sue;
And one she loved above the rest
And to his own her sweet lips prest.

But that was long, so long ago,
  In that fair land of ancient Spain.
The flowers her hand no longer know,
  And gone is all the suitor train
That followed her. She lies so deep
The world has now forgot to weep.

I. W. Allen, Jr.

BALLADE OF A DAINTY COQUETTE.

FACE of the daintiest shade,
Eyes of the tenderest brown,
Ankle so neatly displayed,
Furbelowed, lace-betrimmed gown;
Mistress of man and of clown,
Fashion's and Cupid's own pet,
Come and before her bow down,—
This is a dainty coquette.

Deadlier far than a blade
Swung by a knight of renown,
To the men's hearts is this maid;
Much to be feared is her frown,
Forehead where old Time has plown
Not one small furrow as yet:
Come and before her bow down,—
This is a dainty coquette.

Fond of a sweet serenade,
And music her fancies to drown;
Queen at a grand masquerade,
Meet for a jewel-starred crown;

Known by her name throughout town,
Beauty and toast of her set,
Come and before her bow down,—
This is a dainty coquette.

L'ENVOI.

Love is to her but a noun,
To her but a word is regret,
Come and before her bow down,—
This is a dainty coquette.

I. W. Allen, Jr.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

OH! I once did know a fellow, and he played
a yellow 'cello,
And if mellow, made it bellow in a way that
I despise:
When the boarders all were sleeping, he began his
practice keeping,
While we listened, weeping, heaping curses on his—
something—eyes.
Now one night about eleven, (he 'd been practising
since seven,
While we all were praying Heaven to send lightning
from the sky,)
William Simmons, slowly rising, said, "It will not
seem surprising
When I say there 's no disguising that that there
young man must die!"

Then we crept upstairs in slippers, armed with broomsticks, shovels, nippers,
And we tied him by the flippers, tightly down upon the bed,
And a man for every hour, spite the victim's sour glower,
Sat and sawed with all his power, on the 'cello near his head.

He assailed our mercies,—purses,—we played on with smiles like Circe's ;
He, with curses, spoke of hearses we would occupy next day.
But the more he kept on talking, all the louder we kept squawking,
Thus effectually balking his attempts to get away.

'T was at four o'clock, with gladness we observed the signs of madness,
With sadness for his badness, just at 6 A.M. he died,—
We interred him at our leisure, but with pleasure without measure,—
Let all 'cello-players treasure the dark warning here implied.

E. G. Benedict.

LOST.

ONE day while slowly sailing
Upon a summer's sea,
My hand in water trailing
In idle reverie,
Awakening from my dreaming,
I saw a jewel bright
Down through the depths go gleaming,
And vanish out of sight.

To-day while fondly gazing
Into thine eyes of brown,
In their clear depths amazing
Tenderly looking down,
My heart went from my keeping,
I know not how nor when.
In spite of all my seeking,
I find it not again.

My ring has gone forever,
Far down beneath the wave.
My heart returneth never;
Thine eyes, love, are its grave.

H. G. Dunham.

INDISCRETION.

PRETTY little maiden,
Held in student's arms,
Blushing like a rose-leaf,
Heightening thus her charms,
Hears the student's watch tick,
Very loud and clear,
Oh, where think you then, sir,
Was her little ear?

Blushingly she falters
(Charming little miss)—
"Not a watch in college
Ticks so loud as this."
See, then, student-fellow
Properly enraged,
Takes the first train home, sir,
Says he 's not engaged.

H. G. Dunham.

TOO UNFILIAL.

SHE always seems so meek and mild,
Her air so gracious, kind, and sweet,
By these fair ways I 'd be beguiled
And fain would worship at her feet.

But—still—I cannot bend the knee,
Though oft her praises I have sung,
Till I can see why she should be
So cruel to her mother-tongue.

H. S. Underwood.

INVITING.

PRETTY and sweet, ever so neat,
Sitting alone in a *tête-à-tête* seat,
Seeming to say by her negligent air,
Come and sit side of me, sir, if you dare.

Saucy and pert, dying to flirt,
Knowing the ropes, and more than expert,
When she goes further, and seems to insist,
Who for the moment would dare to resist?

D. C. Brewer.

A HEARTLESS TASK.

THE rhymester sings
An endless strain
Of smitten hearts
And Cupid's reign;
Of sweetest lips
And eyes and hair;
And secrets which
But two can share.

But do you know,
(The truth to own)
The rhymester's heart
Is wrought of stone?
To fickle maids
He gives no heed:
He simply writes
What men will read.

He rhymes a verse
About his Jane,
But as he writes
Oft grows profane;
Then finishing
His hasty scrawl,
He *curses* it
And girls and all.

S. T. Livingston.

THE SOFTEST TINT.

RONDEL.

THE softest tint that nature knows
Reveals its beauty through a blush,
When all the distant skyland glows
At evening with a rosy flush.

And when to lure the artist's brush,
The peach its cheek in summer shows,
The softest tint that nature knows
Reveals its beauty through a blush.

Behind the ball-room's curtained plush
You 'll find, when begging for a rose,
That while the maiden answers, Hush!
And just outside the music grows,
The softest tint that nature knows
Reveals its beauty through a blush.

D. C. Brewer.

YE BALLADE OF YE POLYTE HYGHWAYMEN.

I.

YE ancientt coachman grasped his cuppe
And quaffed ye myghtie ale,
And eke a gryn his face lytt uppe,
As thus he told hys tale:

II.

"Y' fegges, 't was fortie years agone,
A score of myles from town,
Ye Brighton mayl-coach, alle alone,
Went rattlyng o'er ye down.

III.

"Ye coach itt had three mayds aboard,
Three London maydens sweet,
Who laughed ye whiles their father snored
Upon ye hyndmost seat.

IV.

"When uppe there came two hyghwaymen,
Who stopped ye coach and swore
They 'd kiss ye maydens, there and then,
Wythouten pound fyve-score.

V.

"Then out there spake ye London wyght,
'I 've pound fyve-score by me ;
I 'll gyve itt alle yn thys sad plyght,
Soe thatt our lyves goe free.'

VI.

"But then, wyth cheeks of reddest hues
Outspake ye prettiest myss,
'I think 't were best our pounds refuse,
And lett them have their kyss.'

VII.

"Wyth thatt ye thieves, oblygyng men,—
To be polyte alle round,—
Fyrst kyssed ye mayds each one, and then,—
They took ye fyve-score pound.

VIII.

"Ah! yn those days of '44,
'T was sport to dryve ye mayl,—
Would thatt those tymes myght come once more!
And would—I had more ale!"

E. G. Benedict.

"CASTLES IN SPAIN."

BALLADE.

I MET a man of long ago
Who walked the king's highway,
His coat was torn, his step was slow,
And his scanty hair was grey;
Yet still he sang a roundelay,
And this the glad refrain:
"Whene'er I 'm sad, I wend my way
To castles built in Spain."

I said to him, "Why sing you so,
And why are your looks so gay?
Your wrinkled features plainly show
That past is your lifetime's May,
And yet, bowed 'neath old age's sway,
You sing that merry strain,
And, poor as a mouse, can go, you say,
To castles built in Spain."

The old man smiled, and said, "You know
That life is not always play.
'T is true my hair is white as snow
And I 'm weary with life's long fray,
But the realm of Thought is mine alway,
And that is a vast domain,
And, poor or rich, one's thoughts can stray
To castles built in Spain."

L'ENVOI.

Then who for a better lot could pray,
Or who of his own complain,
Whose mind is ever free to stay
In castles built in Spain?

E. G. Benedict.

BALLADE OF THE HAUNTED STREAM.

I.

LIKE some fair girl who hastes to meet her swain
Yet hesitates each step with maiden fear,
So the still stream glides downward to the main,
Pausing at times in fern-set pools,—and here,
Where bend the willow branches to the clear

Deep pool beneath, and where the forest hoar
Seems whispering old tales of magic lore,
They say by night the fairies dance in glee,
And on the moss beside the curving shore
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry.

II.

From beds in purple buds where they have lain
Until the mystic midnight time drew near,
To chimes of harebells and the far-off strain
Of forest melodies, the elves appear
In all the gorgeousness of goblin gear.
With brilliant dress the golden-beetle wore,
With scarlet plumes the humming-bird once bore,
They come in troops from every flower and tree
And round the fairy throne in concourse pour,—
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry.

III.

Yet mortal eyes see not the goblin train
Whose bells sound faintly on the passer's ear,—
Who dares attempt a secret sight to gain
Feels the sharp prick of many an elfin spear,
And hears, too late, the low malicious jeer,

As long thorn-javelins his body gore,
Until, defeated, breathless, bruised and sore,
He turns him from the haunted ground to flee,
And murmurs low, as grace he doth implore,
"The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry!"

L'ENVOI.

Sweet mortal maid, that fairy world of yore
Has vanished—with the midnights that are o'er;
Yet come and sit beside the stream with me,
That I, beholding thee, may say, "Once more
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry."

E. G. Benedict.

THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

I SAT in my room at midnight and read of the days of old;
I read of Sigmund and Signy, and Volsung war-king bold;
I read of the battles and sea fights, of harps and stirring glees;
And how in their storm-tossed galleys the bold earls sailed the seas.

I read of harpings and joyance, now legends in
Sagas told ;
And how Queen Borghild's fearful hate lurked in
the shining gold ;
I read how the great tree Branstock grew upon the
wide hall floor,
And the massive rings of silver bound fast the castle
door.

The Northern legends seized my soul; they wrought
in my brain like fire,
My heart-strings throbbed and fiercely strained with
a vague and strange desire ;
But past is the age of vikings, no more through the
brazen horn
Will blow the breath of warriors, in greeting to the
morn.

The olden laws and customs are shattered as Sig-
mund's glaive ;
No more shall the golden galleys be borne on the
rushing wave ;
The mighty kings and warriors no more shall wield
their sway,
But the tales of their deeds of daring stir strong our
blood to-day.

J. W. Allen, Jr.

Selections from The Athenaeum.

FRA GIOVANNI.

[Giovanni del Papa, the tenor of the Sistine Chapel, is dead. If he had not been a monk, he would have been the greatest operatic star of the century.—*Telegram.*]

WHAT ! did God then give this man a voice,
And he not use it ? Unto singing born,
And let his gift through all his life be lost ?
Since, save to careless strangers, at the mass,
Who wondered at his passionate, rich tone,
The singer of the Sistine was as mute ;
Yea, being mute, was wise.

For though he might
Have been the world's crowned King of Song,
And known the thrill of royal power,
As all men's lips hung breathlessly on his,
While with white faces and with waiting hearts
They strained to catch the music marvellous,—

Still, discontent would come ; the flower
Of fame would lose its freshness, sad, gray skies
Darken the morning sun, and there would be
But disappointment for the end of all.

So, being cloistered, he was well content.
We never knew what sudden storms of sound
Broke in upon his dreaming loneliness,
To beat and burst against the four bare walls,
Till all the fragments fell to softer cadences,
And melody stole in upon his hungry ear.
Sweeter, for him, the solemn sound of bells,
Calling the brethren to their daily prayers,
Sweeter the incense slowly swung,
The chanting hushed and low, the voice
Of benediction and of perfect peace,
Than all the glittering glory of the world.

So sleep soft, Giovanni ; may thine ears
Soon hear the music of the morning stars.

Bliss Perry.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

WHERE buildings rear their roofs on high,
Hard by a city's busiest street,
And constant noise of passers-by
Is heard, and tread of hurrying feet ;

Where eager thoughts their fellows greet,
An ancient churchyard seems misplaced,
So near where men for traffic meet,
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

But once, afar from curious eye,
This churchyard was a still retreat
That voices seldom came anigh;
Nor round it commerce surged and beat.
But many a year, with cold and heat,
Has fled. The names are half erased
Upon the tombstones, once complete—
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

Here summer violets dark and shy
Scent all the air with perfume sweet,
And feathered songsters of the sky
With joyous songs the passers treat;
Here winter winds, with hail and sleet,
Go whirling past in furious haste;
And snow wraps in its winding-sheet
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

L'ENVOI.

Those words, now almost obsolete,
May tell of men and maids that graced
Stations with glory once replete,
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

T. D. Knight.

A WITHERED LEAF.

I SEE a leaf upon my window sill,
Yellow and seared, beat down by autumn rain,
And by no art can it again regain
Its color faded out by hoar-frosts chill,
Though it should be essayed by magic skill.
And so a withered hope, an aching pain,
A heavy sigh the lips can scarce restrain,
Regret, that keenest pleasure ne'er can kill,
Full oftentimes we unexpected find
In hearts where every throb seems only joy.
And oft, with clinging sorrow intertwined,
Whose clasp no merriment can quite destroy,
We find a heart, to sadness now resigned,
That once was happiness without alloy.

T. D. Knight.

TO MY PIPE.

"AH! guardian genius,
As I hold the amber-tippèd stem
Firm set between my teeth, to-night,
Thou seem'st e'en a gem
That kings might leave their thrones to gain;
Bishops forsake their church;
And man might, sometimes, even leave
His sweetheart in the "lurch,"

And to thy magic influence,
Thy subtlety and art,
Might find his passions bound by thoughts
That love can ne'er impart.
For, like all things the dearest
That God hath given man,
Thy beauty 's in thy cheapness!
For lo! on every hand,
Like water and like sunshine,
With bridal-veil or pall,
In gladness or in sorrow,
Thou art in reach of all!
Tho' some shall mould thee out of foam,
Whence Aphrodite springs to them,
Or bind thy bowl with bands of gold,
Or tip with amber-clouds thy stem;
Others shall form thee out of clay,
Nor for that prize thee aught the less,
Or shun thy sweet companionship
In gladness or distress.
No, in every rank or station,
In every tribe or caste,
There is no tie will stronger bind,
Or that will longer last;
Then come and be my mistress!
Yet treat me with all grace,
For the mistress with the master
Should never change her place."

F. W. Olds.

SKETCHES IN SONNETS.

I.

IN A HAMMOCK.

WITHIN a hammock swaying to and fro,
Where sun and shady trees conspire to throw
Mosaics bright and dark across the grass,
Reclines at noon a white-clad pretty lass,
With bronze-tinged hair wind-tangled o'er a brow
That arches lovingly o'er eyes where pass
Sweet girlish thoughts. Twin parted lips below
Curve coyly to their source, and scarce surpass
The flitting tints on cheeks and rounded throat.
Soft open laces over neck and arms
Grant modest glimpses of half-hidden charms,
And grace the folds of clinging lawn, which float
In careful negligence to where her feet
Peep forth, the blushing clover blows to greet.

II.

WASHED ASHORE.

Cold gray fogs, drifting westward o'er the land,
Shut out all distance, and enshroud a band
Of mute, unhatted fishermen around
A corpse with face upturned. At morn they found

Her lying thus, life raped ; one slender hand
Caressed by each sea wave that with the sand
Sought to conceal their deed ; her hair unbound,
Like some poor saint's areola ; her round
Sweet face, with death-kissed lips and staring eyes,
White as her breast, that never more would rise
In quickened breaths to greet her coming lover.
The fishermen, in silent sorrow, cover
The fair dead form, and, kneeling, pray ; afar
The waters mourn contritely on the bar.

C. H. Perry.

A TRIO.

WISDOM.

ROSES fade and loving passes ;
Knowledge only bides alway ;
Downcast eyes of witching lasses
Steal thy peace of mind away.

LOVE.

Minds forget and books grow musty,
Love alone takes care away ;
Hearts are young when brains are rusty,
Love I will while love I may.

DEATH.

Foolish world with foolish guesses,
Books are idle, love is clay ;
Yet to still the doubt that presses,
Guess on, guess on, till my day.

C. H. Perry.

VILLANELLE.

DOWN on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway,
Swift the sea-gulls swim the waters, bare,
Where the strong waves dash up their icy spray.

When shrieking gusts the naked oak-trees flay,
And all their leaves in lofty circles bear,
Down on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway.

Far as the eyes can reach, there stretch away,
The brownish lines of shore, all sleet-clad there,
Where the strong waves dash up their icy spray.

The azure blue has dimmed to sullen gray,
No speck of color shows itself, save where
Down on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway.

The fisher-boats in many colors gay,
The greenish weeds, all show a blinding glare
Where the strong waves dash up their icy spray.

So through the passionless December day,
While the wee snow-flakes flutter through the air,
Down on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway,
Where the strong waves dash up their icy spray.

G. O. Copeland.

THE MEETING.

DOWN in the meadow's flowers,
Close by the purling rill,
Keeping his tryst for hours
Stands he, and listens still.

Tripping over the daisies,
Borne on the softest wind,
Comes she, through meadow's mazes,
Only a tick behind.

Quick! in his ear love's prating;
Quick! kiss his cheek so brown.
. . . . . .
He was a tall reed, waiting;
She was a thistle down.

P. W. Blackmer.

SONNET TO THE MELIAN ZEUS.

THOU mighty Zeus, benign yet grand appears
Thy majesty. High o'er thy bending brows
Thy forehead thrills with thought; thine eyes arouse
My soul, with them, to contemplate the years,
Dispassioned. Thy conception so far nears
Some Soul's deep sense of God, that it endows
Thy marble with a grace that scarce allows
The name of idol. Now my vision clears,
And on thy sculptured form of stone I read
The written essence of some ancient's blind
Outreaching for the only God. Through thee,
Thy best, grand Zeus of Greece, I feel the need
Of man outspoken. Sculptor, I would find
Thy soul, and claim its fellowship for me.

C. H. Perry.

MY QUEEN'S REIGN.

RAIN in the west.
Dark billows of storm clouds are creeping
Over the hills, while the mist in the air
Falls with a chill on the charge in my keeping,
Nora, so fond, with a rose in her hair.

Oh, that her heart grows no colder!
Would I could safely enfold her!
Rain in the West.

Rain in my face.
Big, wet drops are falling and breaking and dripping
Down from my hat and like tears from my eyes,
While at my side in *my* coat she is tripping,
And for her "thanks"—'t is a poor sacrifice.
Oh, that her heart grows no colder!
Yes, I will speak when I 'm bolder.
Rain in my face.

Rain in my heart.
Like soft, summer showers her rare smiles are bringing
Life to my heart and its garden of weeds;
Eyes bright with dew start Love's flowers a-singing,
Nora, thy queen's grace my heart palace pleads.
Oh, shall I ever be bolder?
There—then I ought to have told her—
Reign in my heart.

P. W. Blackmer.

BEFORE HER GLASS.

HE said that my gown made me look like a queen,
Though he never saw one, I am sure ;
That my hair had a wave and a shimmering sheen,
And my mouth was alluring, demure.
He said that my airs had a womanly grace,
Though he knows I am only a lass ;
That my eyes—Pshaw ! the truth about figure and face
I can see for myself in the glass.

But this is n't all that he told me to-night ;
There was something—a word or two more,
Which did n't sound quite like the rest, though he might
Say it just as he praised what I wore.
Yet he told me he loved—(am I silly ?) *loved me*,
Though he knows I am only a lass,
And I think—but, oh dear ! how I wish I could see
Just exactly how much, in the glass.

P. W. Blackmer.

OCTOBER MUSINGS.

WHY do the graceful elm-tree's leaves
In Fall from green to yellow turn
And why the maple's clustered sheaves
With varied crimsons deeply burn?

Is it the Autumn's frosty kiss,
In sport upon them lightly pressed,
Which makes them, in their short-lived bliss,
Blush deep, alarmed, and half-distressed?

Or do the fays, with brush and paints,
And palette in each cunning hand,
Adorn the trees like pictured saints
Who in cathedral windows stand,

Coming when mortals all at night
In deepest sleep are fettered fast,
And flitting ere the morning light
Reveals the spells their art has cast?

Or do they flush in haughty scorn,
Defying Winter's coming reign?
Ah, no, such fancies flee forlorn,
For it 's the decomposition and resorption of the chlorophyll bodies in the epidermis cells of exogenous stems, that every year renews the stain.

A. W. Underwood.

SONNET.

TO-DAY amid the throng I saw a face
On which my eyes had never looked before,
Yet, as I conned the features o'er and o'er,
Strange corners in my memory bloomed apace
With flowers of recollection ; old by-ways
Of half-remembrance claimèd me once more ;
Till the thought seized me that upon the shore
Of being, where, before this idiot race
Of life did claim us, I must think we dwelt,
I had that sweet face seen,—it may be, felt.
The glad hope stirred within me as I mused :
Existence is a circle, and this augury gives ;
I yet shall ask, " How have the hard worlds used
Thee, Love, in all thy intervening lives ? "

A. H. Talman.

ADRIFT.

LOVE is like an open sea,
He who loses chart must drift.
Youth and age can ne'er agree
Who the pilot is to be.
Wisdom begs, but beauty's plea,
With her smile, will gain the gift ;
Love is like an open sea,
He who loses chart must drift.

P. W. Blackmer.

BOCCHERINI'S MINUET.

OUT upon the night air steals the music, soft and low,
Trembling like a wind-swayed leaflet swinging to and fro;
Ah, the whispered moaning,
Ah, the soft intoning,
Ah, the dancers, buried long ago!

Louder grows the music now, and now a flickering glow
Shines upon the ghostly dancers, moving there below;
Ah, the courtly graces,
Ah, the eager faces,
Of the dancers, buried long ago!

How the jewels glisten,
Diamonds, lustre-robbing!
How the spectres listen
To the music, sobbing!

O'er the waxen floor the bowing shadows slowly go;
Then they vanish quickly, as the north wind drives the snow;
Was it only seeming?
Was I only dreaming
Of the dancers, buried long ago?

G. A. Copeland.

WHO GAVE THE MOON HER RING?

THE moon came out with a ring to-night,
The bold stares of her guests undergoing;
But her smile
Would beguile
Any lover who thinks he can read aright
What the blush on her cheek may be showing.

The wind looks askance at her hand so fair,
While he flurries her hair with his blowing,
And the clouds
Sweep in crowds
By the maid with the ring and the silver hair,
And the stars hot with jealousy glowing.

Did they think the moon too fair to be wooed?
Ah! the tryst where the blue lake is flowing!
I could tell
Very well
What she said to the ring and the lover who sued,
But I fear you would think me too knowing.

P. W. Blackmer.

STONE HILL.

1853.

ROCKS and jagged rocks, dense shades ;
Wet moss and clinging vines and mould ;
Hot checkerberries, blush-cheeked maids,
And falling sunlit leaves of gold !
The chatty brook flows dull and chill ;
All nature frowns. Life's sweets are tart.
I 've played and lost—but you, fair Lill,
Think it 's a joke to break a heart.

1883.

The very spot ! 'T is little changed,
With trees, old jagged rocks and gray ;
Deep there below the brooklet ranged,
Fringed long with mosses, flowers gay.
The place is dear, this lovely hill,
Because, just thirty years ago,
'T was here I knelt before you, Lill,—
But bless my luck, you answered "*No.*"

P. W. Blackmer.

APHRODITE'S COLORS.

THEY say the ancient poets tell
How Aphrodite used to dwell
At Lemnos girded by the sea.
And as, with brown hair floating free,
She rested, on a summer's day,
In shaded afternoon repose,
She chanced to see a dancing ray
Of sunshine kiss a damask rose ;
And as each petal blushed more red,
Fair Aphrodite spake and said :

" Poor helpless things, it grieves me sore
That your love should so soon be o'er.
Bright ray, ere long you 'll pass away,
And you, dear rose, will fade to-day."
She plucks the rose, e'en as she speaks,
Touches the ray to her hair, and behold !
The blush rose blooms in her queenly cheeks,
And her brown hair changes to rippling gold.
And the fairest goddess became more fair,
With her blushing cheeks and gold-flecked hair.

T. D. Knight.

THE FRIAR AND THE FOOL.

FRIAR ANSELMO lazily lay
Under the convent's shade,
As a fool passed, singing a roundelay
In praise of the jester's trade,
How a fool was mightier than a king
Or his court could ever be.
"H-m-m!" said the Friar, "the song I 'd sing
Would be of another key.

"I 'd sing of the time when your keenest joke
Falls flat on the silent air.
I 'd sing of the bones your master broke
When he threw you down the stair.
I 'd sing of your back all scarred with wounds,
Of the tawdry dress you wear;
Of the meal you and your master's hounds,
In the greasy kennel, share."

"I 'd sing of a life without a friend,
Of a selfish and lonely death—"
But the fool never heard the sermon's end,
For the Friar was out of breath;
So the fool on his way did steadily keep,
And never an answer made,
And Friar Anselmo went to sleep
Under the convent's shade.

G. A. Copeland.

YE ARBUTUS.

RIGHTE daintie is ye arbutus,
As annie flower may be;
It nestleth on ye mountain side
With wondrous modestie.

Full often doth ye Junior love
Ye mountaine side to climbe,
To plucke ye fragrante arbutus,
And beare it home betime.

Ye Sophomore it doth delighte
To parte ye withered leaves,
Whyle from ye snowie buds beneathe
Ye garland he unweaves.

And e'en ye Freshmanne hath been knowne
To laye it in a downie nest,
And sende it wythe a daintie verse
Unto ye mayde he loveth best.

But grief hath come upon them all,
And eache doth angrie curses hurle,
For eache hath sent ye arbutus
Unto ye selfe-same girl.

Wyllys Rede.

TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A SONNET.

THOU dainty star of shaded pink and white,
That in the morn of Spring-time makest known
That Winter's cold and cloudy night is flown
Before the dawning day of warmth and light;

Who seemest like a maiden's fancy free,
The shy expression of her joyful heart,
Untouched by pain or sin, unshaped by art,
Embodiment of simple modesty,—

I would that ere thy beams shall pale and die
Amid the blaze of Summer's noontide glow,
And ere that coy and bashful witchery
Give place unto grave ways and bolder brow,

My lonely life may sweeter, holier, be
For thy soft grace and perfect purity.

W. S. Pratt.

IMPRESSIONS À LA FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

DE sho't-stop winks when de ball comin' hot,
An' say he did n' see it w'en fust it sta't,
De fielder he cuss w'en he drop de fly
An' holler to de cap'en de sun 's in his eye,
De batter mighty mad w'en he miss de ball,
But de umpire, he don' never care at all.

De baseman scowl w'en he hab to jump,
De ketcher tired w'en de foul tips thump,
De cap'en weep w'en de men don' slide,
An' de scorer root w'en de base-hits tied,
De pitcher sad w'en he gib seb'n balls,
But the umpire leer ebry time dat he calls.

De runner brace w'en de ball am passed,
De pitcher squirm w'en de hits come fast,
An' fire de ball at de striker's head,
W'en de nine git blanked, de backer am fled,
De gran'-stand cheers w'en the fab'rites win,
But de umpire look like he made out ob tin.

De manager swear w'en de ball pass de fence,
An' de dead-beats yell, " Oh, darn de expense ! "
De scorer fix up de errors at de close,
An' de nine dat wins, dey yell for deir foes,
But de umpire, he never smile nor frown,
But seems so big he can't look roun'.

A. W. Underwood.

SONNET.

SHE stood at eventide among the ferns,
And paused to choose the rarest of them all,
While slanting rays, through piny-needles flaked,
In gilded glory crowned her, in their fall,
And fern and harebell bowed in wavy grace
For that she deigned to notice them at all.
The tufted moss a velvet carpet lay,
Proud if her rustling dress might even touch,
And where, perchance, her springy footstep fell,
It shrank, abashed, as having asked too much.
Thus, Nature, never doubting that in her
As much of innocence as grace did meet,
Poured all its golden glory 'round her head,
And bowed in aspen-rev'rence at her feet.

F. W. Olds.

Selections from The Fortnight.

WHERE HAREBELL DROOPS.

A FRAGMENT.

WHERE harebell droops,
A horseman stoops
And plucks the flower.
Would that some sprite
Could grant its sight
Protecting power.

Shadows may come;
Bees cease their hum;
The world grow still;
Save in the night,
With faint moonlight,
Sings gurgling rill.

We cannot tell
When death's sad bell
Will o'er us toll;
We cannot know
Or weal or woe
Awaits the soul.

Samuel Abbott.

MY SHIP.

FAR away, on ocean's bosom,
Where the sky, on every hand,
Stretches till it meets the water,
Leagues away from sight of land,
Slowly forging through the ripples
Raised by whiffs of evening breeze,
Gently rising, softly sinking,
On majestic, swelling seas,
Rides a ship, a lovely vision
Seen against the sunset glow,
Every sail spread wide to capture
Breaths of wind that come and go.

Night comes, but must pale his shadows;
Mellow moonlight, tenderly
Every wavelet's crest caressing,
Makes a path across the sea,
Spreads a silver mantle o'er it;
Westward steers my ship, and soon
Blowing free the night-wind rises,
Fills her sails and speeds her on.

Wind of night, blow strong and steady,
Wayward billows, gentle be;
Starry sky, look kindly downward,
Bring my sailor home to me!

T. M. Banks.

TO MY PONY.

AFTER BURNS.

THOU 'st borne me safe o'er classic soil,
And safe thro' monie a bloody broil,
And gi'n me help in a' my toil,
My bonnie steed.
Let ithers burn the midnight oil
Wha hate thy breed.

Wi' ye, thro' Gallia's fertile land,
Wi' ye, to Britain's rocky strand,
I followed Cæsar's conq'ring band,
My trottin' pride,
Wha, led by sae sma' mucker's hand,
I swiftly ride.

Wi' ye I enter Ilium's walls,
And wander thro' auld Priam's halls,
And sigh when valiant Hector falls,
My pony swift,
And laugh when sae puir grubber calls
To get a lift.

Guid health to thee, my bonnie steed,
Guid health to a' thy bonnie breed!
Whene'er a bit o' help I need,
I 'll gae to thee.
Thou 'st iver been i' word and deed
A friend to me.

I. S. Underhill.

CLASSICAL CRITICISM.

21 B.C.

OLD Horace on a summer afternoon,
Well primed with sweet Falernian, let us say,
Lulled by the far-off brooklet's drowsy croon,
To a half-doze in a haphazard way,
Scratched off a half a dozen careless rhymes,
As was his habit. When next day he came
Awake to work, he read them several times,
In vain attempt to catch their sense and aim.
"What was I thinking of? Blest if I know,
Jupiter! What's the difference? Let them go!"

1886 A.D.

"Lines twelve to twenty are in great dispute,"
(Most learnedly the lecturer doth speak,)
"I think I shall be able to refute
Orelli's claim they 're taken from the Greek.
I think, with Bentley, Horace's purpose here
Is irony, and yet I do not know
But Dillenberger's reading is more clear,
For which he gives eight arguments, although
Wilkins gives twelve objections to the same"—
So on (*ad infinitum*). Such is fame!

G. L. Richardson.

SONNET—A LEAF.

WITHIN these ancient pages laid to sleep,
By dainty fingers or a stronger hand,
A leaf, a stranger in a foreign land,
Whose faded veins some memory fondly keep.
Perchance, fresh moistened by the blinding tear,
Or kissed in trembling joy, it found a rest
Within the tome, fit host for such a guest.
Is it the wail of the poor heart-broken Lear,
Or love responsive, that its heart would sing?
Crumbled to dust. Yet is the leaf's soul fled,
If on the vellum, image of the dead,
An impress clings, type of the living thing?
Thus, mortal frame, when thou shalt fade away,
Thy shadowed self, a spirit, leaves the clay.

Samuel Abbott.

A COQUETTE.

SHE steals blind Cupid's arrows from his quiver,
And barbs them with the brightness of her eyes,
Their tips she lightly feathers, Heaven forgive her!
With the redness of the lips you idolize.
She burnishes their points, with drooping lashes;
In the soft bewildering meshes of her hair
She deftly sets a dart; heartward it flashes,
Her sweet voice laughs and mocks at your despair.

E. A. Blackmer.

HYLAS.

MANY years have left their shadows on the pathless flow of Time;
Many bards have with soft music sung their lays of ancient rhyme,
Since the day when rosy Hylas plunged into Scamander's wave;
Since the am'rous Naiads bore him where no human arm could save.

On the waves swift Argo rested; scarce a ripple stirred the sea,
While across the Dardan meadows sighed the breezes soft and free;
Then the sun, in golden splendor, sank into a sea of flame,
Darkness o'er the blue hills rested; yet no fair young Hylas came.

For the water nymphs had loved him, when they saw his beauty rare,
And with yielding lips caressing, they entwined him with their hair,
Till they bound him, still entreating, with this soft and silken chain,
Till they drew him 'neath the waters, whence he ne'er should come again.

Then the moon—a crescent jewel—edged the clouds
with silver light,
While they sped like shallops sailing, swift-winged
messengers of Night.
And the stream, dark-hued and sombre, sighed in
surges on the shore;
Gently sighed among its rushes, "Hylas! Hylas!"
o'er and o'er.

Yet no voice replied in answer, though the sighing
louder grew,
Though with sorrow bowed the flowers, and their
tears were drops of dew;
No sweet echo breaks the silence, though the heart
may hope and yearn,
O'er the stream a realm of quiet—on the shore the
empty urn.

S. G. Tenney.

YE PRETTYE MAYDE.

RONDO, 1799.

YE prettye mayde, wyth raven hayr
Thatt lyes upon her brow so fayr,
Trypps lyghtlye o'er ye meadowes gay
And syngs a quaynte old roundelay:
A ballade wyth a merrye ayre.

She meetes ye stalwarte squyre—beware !
Wyth those darke eyes doth she ensnare
Full many youthes and say them nay—ye prettye
mayde.

She doth a dayntye kerchyeffe weare,
O would I myght yts honor share
And ev'ry breath of hers obeye !
Her tryste wyth me I 'd ne'er betraye,
Fayne would I wyn her—debonnayr—ye prettye
mayde.

S. G. Tenney.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

IF I were a knightly lover,
And you a lady fair,
If I were, say, Lord Roland,
And you my Lady Clare,

Then would I dare to enter
The combat fierce, and try
To win from you that favor
For which all lovers vie.

But, alas, I 'm a modern wooer,
And you, though fair, are poor.
So I think I 'll try it single,
Or a richer girl procure.

E. L. Adams.

RONDEAU—AH LASSIE FAIR!

AH lassie fair! thine eyes of blue
Betray a heart both warm and true—
Yet something bids me stay, beware,
For thou art false as well as fair,
As fickle as the morning dew.

Yet, pretty maid, I would I knew
The shortest way to win and woo,
For then my love should ne'er despair,
Ah lassie fair!

Her soft cheeks tinged a deeper hue,
A charming glance at me she threw,
She tossed her wealth of dark-brown hair,
With such a gay coquettish air,
"Monsieur, pardonnez moi—adieu,"
Ah, laissez faire!

S. G. Tenney.

A QUIET SMOKE.

I SAT me down to smoke; one breath I drew,
Then puffed it forth, and straight around me threw
A curling cloud, that thinned to misty blue,
And off did float.

I closed my eyes, but on my eyelids prest
The god of slumber sweet; and I confest
His power o'er my frame, and sank to rest,
From cares remote.

Ere long I waked; and terror smote my soul;
The pipe had slipped, the "Turkish" from the bowl
Thrown out, lay smold'ring, and had burned a hole
In my best coat.

T. M. Banks.

SONG: JACK FALSTAFF'S SACK.

RONDEAU.

I.

JACK FALSTAFF'S sack was rich and rare,
As many merry bards declare;
It had a flavor quite divine,
And jolly Jack did ne'er decline
To drain his bumper's gen'rous share.

II.

It drove away foreboding care
And banished troubles—Jack knew where;
This rich old flood of Spanish wine—
Jack Falstaff's sack.

III.

To drink like Jack, my boy, beware,
But that is neither here nor there.
Right merrily the beakers shine,
Here 's health to thee ! here 's wealth to thine !
And while we drink, we 'll troll the air—
Jack Falstaff's sack.

S. G. Tenney.

ARBUTUS.

THOUGH covered long by lingering snows,
As soon as e'er the winter goes,
You peep from out your bright green clothes,
Announcing spring is here.

Soon from your hiding you 'll be chased,
And then in dainty box encased
You 'll go to grace my lady's waist,
Proclaiming her my dear.

A dainty note I 'll then await
In anxious doubting for my fate,
And wondering if, at any rate,
Her blessed heart you 're near.

E. L. Adams.

TO THE VENUS DE MILO.

A LIFELESS clay art thou, and still,
Yet radiant with thoughts that fill
My little realm. Epitome
Of Grecian art, eternity
Can ne'er erase thy form divine
From shadows of forgotten time.
A master formed thee, lasting type
Of his true soul, a being rife
With purest harmony, from stone;
And, by his carving, did enthrone
Upon thy white and speechless lip
The secret of his workmanship,
Ideal of true womanhood,
In whom is blended fair and good.

Samuel Abbott.

SONG: THE VANISHED DAYS.

RONDEAU.

I.

THE vanished days! how faint they lie
Like soft clouds in a summer sky;
The shadows dark which they enfold,
The pleasures which long since are cold,
Like phantoms of the past flit by.

II.

The night winds through the branches sigh,—
What does their moaning weird imply?
Are they by spirits grimly tolled,—
The vanished days?

III.

What though my life doth swiftly fly
And Death's black stream is deep and nigh!
Far greater joys for me unfold
Than all this barren world can hold.
The future comes; it will outvie
The vanished days.

S. G. Tenney.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

O WORDLESS, senseful songs so strangely sweet,
That borne upon your melody's soft wings,
Laden with high thoughts of still higher things,
Persistent at my heart's barred window beat.

But when I open to you and do call
To know the mystic meaning that you bear,
Lo! you are vanished,—there is nothing there
Save a great stillness brooding over all.

Your voice is silent; but in moments sweet,
When in the cloud-land of a waking dream
I lose myself, forever still you seem
At the barred window of my heart to beat.

G. L. Richardson.

IN HOLLAND BROWN.

RONDEAU.

IN holland brown she stands to greet
Me as I come adown the street;
The sunlight falling on her hair
Leaves warm caresses gently there—
A picture with true grace replete!

The roses twining round her feet
Breathe gentle fragrance rare and sweet;
She sings a merry rustic air—
In holland brown.

O years that fly so swift and fleet!
O storms that 'gainst her window beat!
Keep her from harm and tears and care!
That future hours may find her where
In days of June we used to meet,—
In holland brown.

S. G. Tenney.

HER GLOVE.

IT is hers ! O torn and yellow glove,
Which once upon my pretty love
Was fair to see,
I wonder not you clung so close,
And could not from her fingers loose,
But there would be ;
And now that you are old and torn,
And are no longer by her worn,
So sad do seem.
Ah me, I would that I could hold
Her hand as close as you, of old,
Though, like you, mean.

And yes, I would that I had known,
Like you, her breath upon me blown,
In winter's cold ;
Or would that I had felt the touch
Of her light fingers, showing much
Of dainty mould.
And now that you aside are flung,
Cast off, the careless crowd among,
O ragged glove,
I 'll call you mine, and you shall be
A treasure, which shall speak to me
Of my sweet love.

E. F. Thomas.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

WE would not speak: words are a bitter thing.
Heart beats to heart and understands its own.
Shades, gliding from the silent pines, have flown,
And, awed, the merry cricket dares not sing.
We cannot speak, we may not meet again.
There is a presence here, unseen yet strong,
That followed me amid day's surging throng,
And now a hand upon my arm has lain.
Ah Fate, so cold, that sneers at sobbing Love,
Thou canst not check one kiss, one fond caress!
Oh, cruel end to dreaming happiness,
That saw fruition in the stars above!
Dear trustful eyes, where tears have dimmed the sight,
These lips will never say farewell; "good-night."

Samuel Abbott.

ON RECEIVING A RUSKIN CALENDAR.

THE words of him who sees with clearer sight
Than most men do the beauty in all things,
To whom the swift months come on rapid wings,
Bringing, each one, some new and fair delight,
Shall tell me what, with blinded eyes and dim,

I cannot see—and yet I fain would know—
Remind me, as the seasons come and go,
Of the great world that is revealed to him.
And like some conjurer of story old,
He shall but touch my eyelids with his wand,
And presto! I am in a fairy land,
Full of such wonders as were never told
In Turkish tales of good Alraschid's day.
I thank you for it, friend, as best I may.

G. L. Richardson.

Selections from The Gulielmensian.

IN TRANSEPT SEATS.

IN transept seats, sometimes a maid,
By rare good fortune, has essayed
To hear the long-drawn sermon out;
The Freshmen's heads are "right-about";
No wonder she seems half afraid.

The glass throws in its sombre shade;
The droning preacher, undismayed,
Winds on without a glance, no doubt,
In transept seats.

My heart with love is over-weighed
Before her eyes' fair cannonade;
For she hath put at once to rout
All other thoughts by that sweet pout
A heart beats mutual serenade
In transept seats.

E. R. White.

WHY READ?

I WATCH the dying embers glow;
A book rests on my knee—
Then falls; my thoughts have wandered far
Beyond the cruel sea.

Why read? No novelists portray
A face as fair as thine;
Nor has a poet ever sung
A love as warm as mine.

'T is thus I write to her to-night,—
My shrine in distant Rome,—
More dear to me than to the saint
Is old St. Peter's dome.

LA RÉPONSE.

I sit beneath Italia's sun,
A novel lies before me,
You 'll be surprised, yet—pardon please—
Its pages do not bore me.

Why read? It pleases me to find
How weak the love I see
In all the noblest heroines
Compared to mine for thee.

I. S. Underhill.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

HE never heard of rabbit,
He never tasted pie,
He never ate a sandwich,
Or smelled of "extra dry;"
He never went to meeting,
Or heard the matinée;
Of Ibsen or of Kipling
He 'd not a word to say;
He shunned the "airy mazy,"
And the waltz's dizzy whirl;
He never wore a collar
When he went to see his girl;
Nor when he met a lady,
Was he known to doff his hat;
He never owned a handkerchief,
Or bought a new cravat.
Perhaps you think our hero
Was a "hoodoo," so to speak;
But you 're very much mistaken,
For he was an ancient Greek.

R. L. Hartt.

HIS ESSAY.

HE bought an essay weeks ago,
It teemed with learned phrase,
'Twas marked "V. H." and seemed not of
These superficial days.

To-day his father happened in,
He thought his son was shirking,
"That essay is full proof," said he,
"'T is evident I 'm working."

The old man's pulse with wonder throbbed,
The tears began to flow,
"I wrote that essay, boy," he sobbed,
"Just thirty years ago."

I. S. Underhill.

A TALE OF PASSION.

WITH longing eyes I sit and watch
The portal through which Chloe passed;
With heavy heart I slowly count
The minutes since I saw thee last.
Oh cruel fair, to take delight
In vexing a love-stricken wight.

The moments fade away to hours,
And still I linger here alone.
The taunting echoes mock my sighs;
To empty walls I make my moan.
Ah, Cupid, draw again thy bow,
Dispatch but do not torture so.

But hark ! she comes ! I hear her voice !
Farewell despair ! now dawns the day !
With nimble feet she kicks the door,
And in her hands she bears the tray,
Those pies ! That hash ! That H_2O
I ordered three long hours ago !

N. H. Thompson.

VESPERA.

SLOWLY the bell is pealing
The hour of prayer ;
Softly the notes come stealing
Over the air ;
And we gather in silence like monks of old
In their solemn processions when vespers tolled.

Softly the light is blending
With the gloom ;
O'er us a hush descending,
Fills the room ;
And we feel all discordant and troubling care
Borne away on the wings of psalm and prayer.

And now the grand old chorus,
Loud and clear,
Sending rapture o'er us,
Bursts on the ear,
While the organ is swelling the anthem strain—
How the melody tunes our cold hearts again !

Slowly the organ pealing
Sinks into rest,
Yet still comes music stealing
Into each breast;
And the long line of figures wind slowly away,
Like a weird throng of shades in the evening's gray.

S. T. Livingston.

TO JULIA ON WHISTLING.

JULIA, maids should never whistle.
Why? You know the ancient rhyme—
Whistling girls—ill fate is certain,
I would have you warned in time.

Julia, maids have never whistled
Though sometimes they say they do,
If "in private" how can men be
Sure their pretty words are true?

If they could, maids dare not whistle—
What?—Well then, let 's see *you* try.
My . . . lips . . . help it—there now, Julia,
Don't you see the reason why?

P. W. Blackmer.

ODE TO DR. HOPKINS.

"GOD bless the dear old doctor!" lips once tuned
To win a nation's ear, have breathed the prayer
Echoed in reverence from a thousand hearts
Of Williams' sons. In olden times, 't is said,
Each cloistered school a patron saint revered,
Whose spell benign infused a loftier zeal
In recluse student, seeking buried lore
From yellow pages. Greater than such saint,
Thy presence here, loved Sage, has thrown around
Our college richer blessing, whose sweet spell
Reaches far out thro' lives of noble men ;
And manly souls have purer manhood found
That they have learned of thee. O, ever rest
O'er Alma Mater's consecrated halls
The blessing of thy life, that when to her,
Her sons shall turn their thoughts, thy memory too
Entwined with hers shall rise, and men shall know
And better love her, thro' their love for thee.

G. H. Badger.

Selections from The Literary Monthly.

NIGHT.

THE traveller Night is gliding through the street :
No word he speaks and noiseless are his feet ;
His breath is cold ; and with his mantle spread
He flies like some grim spectre of the dead.
I strive in vain to find a well-known face,
But all are muffled ; slow steps quicken pace ;
And now fall fast the flickering flakes that fold
The earth in winter's dread, relentless hold.

Ah, symbol of that ghostly winter night
That comes when our short daylight fades from sight,
And we, like muffled spectres, haste away
Alone, unknown, in single mute array,

From heartless winter and this traveller grim,
Gliding with noiseless feet when day grows dim,—
Whose shadowy form, on that glad distant shore
Of light eternal, we shall see no more.

S. T. Livingston.

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

THE sun has set, the early coming night
Deadens the landscape to a chilly gray,
The naked trees against the mountains white
Loom black and gaunt. The slowly dying day
Leaves on yon mountain-top a warmer glow,
A faint, red tinge upon its cap of snow.

Cloudless and cold arches the winter sky;
Upon the rolling fields that to the sight
Stretch far along, the evening shadows lie
Save where, amid the quickly gathering night,
From a lone farm-house window faintly shines
A light amid a grove of sombre pines.

Faster the shadows fall on hill and dale;
A star, and then another, in the sky
Gleams out. The night-fog in its clinging veil
Enwraps the earth. The flush begins to die
Upon the mountain. Shrill and cold and drear
The chill wind whistles by. The night is here.

G. L. Richardson.

THREE KNOCKS.

WHEN Wisdom knocks without the gateway,
Length of days, renown sincere
For her gifts, O mind, awaken,
Haste to answer, "Here."

When Love, the archer-boy, in slyness
Through the window steals, and dear
Wee hands tap at the Heart's barred chamber,
Thou wilt answer, "Here."

When Death creeps toward the Soul's shut doorway,
Swifter, bolder, year by year,
When his knuckles smite the panel,
Who shall answer, "Here"?

INDIAN SUMMER.

OUGHT not the summer dear,
With brightness gone and death so near,
Look back and smile
One calm, sweet while?

The hills are stilled,
No longer thrilled
With blithesome song of birds along
The bosky ways they used to throng.

Dead are the flowers,
Gone are the gentle hours,
The summer fair lies dying, dying.
Can you wonder at our sighing, sighing?

O friend, O foe,
I surely know
That I can never go, nor let you go,
Except the one look back and leave the other so.

C. H. Perry.

SEVEN YEARS.

(*Parting.*)

WE are but boys; at least we can but trust,
The misty years will bring us once again
To this loved spot, where oft our bodies lain
Upon the grassy sward, have lightly thrust
Aside the flower,—like us a child of dust,—
Within whose petaled cup the gentle rain
Had left a tiny drop; and daisied chain
Stretched noddingly, with links that know not rust.
Brother,—for so in heart God wills we are,
And naught on earth annuls His own decree,—
The day is come when we must severed be,
I biding here, thou seeking lands afar.
Brave heart, I clasp thee to my yearning breast,
And in a brother's joy find dearest rest.

(*Returned.*)

At last, across the winter's snows returned,
He waiteth for me,—yet not as of yore,
With footsteps lightly summoned o'er the floor,
That seemed as though his youthful nature burned
To hold converse with mine. The boy has learned
What we have yet to learn ; another door
Has opened, all wondering he stands before
The tenderest of brothers. He has returned.
White roses lie above his silent heart,—
In one a drop doth tremble as a voiceless tear ;
Deep memories, the past has cherished dear,
Are lingering in them, with their being part.
Ah me, how years thwart every cherished plan,
In God's vast epilogue naught save a span !

Samuel Abbott.

ON MILLET'S ANGELUS.

DIM, distant, tinkling chimes,
That summoned men in olden times
To pray the Virgin grace impart ;
Ye solemn voices of a day gone by,
Whose mystic strains of melody
Alike touched peer and peasant's heart ;
Your music falters in the fleeting years,
Yet still comes faintly to our ears,
Saved by a master's cunning art.

E. L. Adams.

"DER TOD ALS FREUND."

THE aged sacrist at his casement
Gazes, weary, toward the west;
Like the light his life is fading,
Death is calling him to rest.

Yes, his day and work are ended,
And the sinking sun's mild light
O'er the slowly drooping eyelids
Throws a peaceful, last good-night.

Grim death, masked in cowl and mantle,
Kindly rings the curfew bell,
And the lonely, dying bell-man
Bids the world a long farewell.

So through the sunset gate celestial,
With the knell of closing day
Pealing heaven's glad, welcome music,
The old man's soul is borne away.

S. T. Livingston.

THE CAPTIVE'S DEATH.

WRAPPED in the slumb'rous folds of silent night,
The city lies 'neath glitt'ring worlds of light;
Thro' moonlit streets the winds their vigils keep,
While to the Tiber's waves they whisper—*sleep*.

Long since belated footsteps ceased to prate
With chatt'ring echoes to the wall and gate.
The busy, thronging marts of day are hushed,
Deserted, save by one now lying crushed
Beneath the weight of sorrow, chains, despair,
A weary, unsold captive; none to share
His bitter shame and agony are near,
To soothe, console, and check the coursing tear.
His silvered locks and flowing beard are tossed
About the drooping head in rev'rie lost.
At last he moves, and gazes to the skies;
A melting anguish fills the agéd eyes.
But now it changes into joy, he smiles
As if some heav'nly view his sight beguiles.
He feels no more the heavy iron band
That clings with cruel grasp; he sees a land,
Far distant, and recalls a time long past—
The days of youth, the scenes in childhood cast,
When full of glee he plucked, in meadows sweet,
The flowers and threw them in the brook, a fleet
That glided to the murmur of the tide.
Or when, far up the sunny mountain side,
He led the flocks, and lingered there till day,
His crimson portals closing, passed away.
Or when in armor clad, on foaming steed,
He bade farewell to mother, bride, and mead.

. . . . . .

The wrinkled brow grows sad, his cheeks have paled;

He shudders; tries to rise, but strength has failed.
A sudden thought transforms his face to peace;
Faint come the words, "At last, O God, release!"
In gratitude his shackled arms he lifts,
A passing cloud, now by the breaking rifts,
Behold! the struggle 's o'er, the soul has fled;
Unknown, unwept, the lonely captive 's dead.

H. M. Allen.

SONG.

ACROSS the hills the night wind comes,
The sunset glories die,
The evening star, a golden flame,
Drops down the western sky,
And thou, my love, and I, my love,
In the still twilight meet,
And through the dusky, winding ways
Wander with ling'ring feet.

There is a stillness in the air,
A calm of restful peace,
That brings relief from passing care,
From troubled thought release.
The dew-damp flowers, as we pass,
Breathe fragrance at our feet,
And breezes in the nodding grass
Whisper, "Ah! love is sweet!"

Gladness is in my heart to-night,
A joy well-nigh divine,
To think the thought too good for truth,
That thou, my love, art mine.
And thou, my love, and I, my love,
Heed not the coming night,
For to our eyes the vistas dim
Are filled with visions bright.

So let me sing a song of songs,
A song of love to thee,
A song of what I hope our love
To us, my love, shall be.
That it may bind us each to each,
Throughout the coming days,
And side by side we still may go
Through all life's winding ways.

G. L. Richardson.

IM ABEND.

FROM a lovely grove's cool shadows,
Where a dainty rug is spread,
Made of softest moss and flowers,
Fit for none but fairies' tread;
Where the mellow rays of moonlight
Through the leafy lattice peep,
Tracing graceful, dreamy figures
Where the shadows lie asleep—

Comes a magic invitation,
  Gently borne to mortal sense
By soft sighing forest zephyrs
  Fraught with sylvan redolence.
"Come," each sleepy flower murmurs
  Through the drowsy woodland hum,
And the wakeful crickets chirping
  Echo back in chorus, "Come."

H. W. Edson.

"I DARE NOT."

I DREAMED, and thought one stood with bended head,
And stretching forth his hand above my bed,
Lovingly spoke in tender voice and said:
"Go, I will show thee all that thou shalt be,
And all that thou shalt do, and unto thee
What fate shall fall through all futurity;
What friends shall seek thee and what valiant foes
Thou shalt encounter,—yea, what joys and woes,
What strife, what gain, what labor, what repose—
These I will show thee. Now do thou arise."
Thus ended he his words; in wild surmise
I feared and said: "I dare not lift my eyes";
But then he answered: "It is better so,
Else would thy Lord have given thee power to know,
Or would Himself have told thee, long ago."

R. L. Hartt.

TINTS.

SAID a rose to a lily, that pined with love,
"Come, let us wedded be!"
"Ah, sweetheart mine, what priest and shrine
Shall we seek, if I marry thee?"

"Why the loveliest shrine in the world so wide,"
Said the rose, "our shrine shall be."
Ah, sweetheart *mine*, thy face was that shrine,
The fairest on land or sea!

Arthur Oliver.

A SUMMER SONG.

(Suggested by the German of Opitz.)

COME, friend scholar, cease your bending
Over books with eager gaze;
Time it were such work had ending,—
Well enough for rainy days.
Out with me where sunlight pours,
Life to-day is out-of-doors!

Busy? Pshaw! What good can reach you
Frowning o'er that dog-eared page?
Yonder rushing brook can teach you
More than half your Classic Age.
Banish Greeks and siren shores,
Let your thoughts run out-of-doors!

Rest we here where none can spy us,
  Deep in rippling fields of grass ;
Scented winds blow softly by us,
  Lazy clouds above us pass ;
Higher yet my fancy soars—
  All my soul is out-of-doors !

T. M. Banks.

SPRING HOLIDAY.

(Translated from the German of Uhland.)

GOLDEN, fragrant, springtime day,
  Joy of sense and spirit !
If my lips e'er tuned a lay,
  Sure to-day you 'd hear it.

Why, ah why, on days like this,
  Think of work or playing ?
Springtime is a time of bliss,
  Made for rest or praying.

H. W. Edson.

THE VIKING.

SKALL to the Viking ! Skall !
  Following the white swan's path,
  Sailing the witch-whale's bath,
Mock we the coward, Death,
  Nor hear his call.

Shields gleam along our prow,
Dented by many a blow,
Swift gleam our swords and bright,
Sharp is our axes' bite,
Death dare not come, nor flight
To Viking's hall.

Skall to the Viking! Skall!
Following the white swan's path,
Sailing the witch-whale's bath,
In naught but hero's death
Shall Vikings fall.

F. R. Tillinghast, Jr.

TWILIGHT.

SHADOWS slowly stealing
O'er the dusky waters cool;
Corydon is kneeling
By the idle, listless pool.
Far beneath its placid surface
Shines the sand-bar's yellow gleam,
Nothing in the mirrored image
Mars the beauty of the dream.

Breezes softly stirring,
In the willows come and go,
The waters gently furring
With a foam as white as snow.

Through the spray is seen no gleaming;
Drifting clouds obscure the light;
Dimmer grow the tiny ripples
At the coming of the night.

P. S. Allen.

SPELLING DOWN.

ON line of battle the spelling class stands,
With solemn faces and folded hands—
Waiting the word that shall make or mar
The cherished report of the anxious star.

O terrible word! O sweet little lass!
How she 's struggled and toiled to be head of the class!
Now she falters with tears in those eyes of brown,
And, with many a burning blush, goes down.

And the laddie who stood at her side in the line—
Just suppose his position were yours, or mine!—
He can spell the word, but he 's not even tried.
He would rather go down, just to sit at her side.

Sweet school-day love! How long can it last?
Must it change and fade when school-days are past?
Now the lad calls the lassie his promised bride,
Would he share a disgrace, just to sit at her side?

R. L. Hartt.

SERENADE.

BENEATH thy lattice, ivy-grown,
I 've come again, sweetheart;
I could not bear to be alone
Without thyself, sweetheart.

The waning moon and stars now reign
Above our heads, sweetheart;
But love like mine can never wane,
In life or death, sweetheart.

See, here 's the rose to-night you gave,
I 've treasured it, sweetheart;
To me it is the sweetest, save
Thyself, my Rose, sweetheart.

A. K. Willyoung.

BUCCANEER DRINKING SONG.

RE-ECHO now, you solemn dunes,
The lover sighing doleful tunes,
The withered hag who sits and croons,
The merchant mourning lost doubloons.
Vita misera!

Leave to priests their beads and masses,
Seize the bright to-day that passes.
Here 's a health to wives and lasses,
Come, my bullies, clink your glasses.
Vita beata!

Sing the maiden's eye that flashes
'Neath the shadow of its lashes ;
Drink the wine, you old moustaches,
Man is made of dust and ashes.
Vita misera !

P. S. Allen.

FIRESIDE DREAMS.

ABOUT the room with silent tread
The shadows come and go,
And Spanish castles rise and fade
In the dying embers' glow.

Visions of fame and faces fair
Come and are gone again,
As Past and Future gently blend
In the firelight's peaceful reign.

F. R. Tillinghast, Jr.

SPRING FAITH.

(*Translated from the German of Uhland.*)

THE tender zephyrs lightly play ;
They sigh and hover night and day,
And everywhere they 're ranging.
'Mid fragrance sweet and music rare
My pining heart, forget thy care !
For soon will all, yes all, be changing.

The earth grows fairer day by day;
Could aught be fairer? None can say.
But soon will all, yes all, be changing.
The farthest, deepest valleys bloom,
My pining heart, forget thy gloom!
For soon will all, yes all, be changing.

H. W. Edson.

SUNRISE.

WANDERING wight from the night-wrack cold,
Shame on thy tattered gray!
Cover thy rags with a robe of gold
Meet for the blaze of day.
The sun peers over the mountain old,
And clouds must be up and away!

Shadows born of the brooding night,
Hence with your glowing train.
Doubts and terrors that cloud my sight,
Off to the dark amain.
Hope is high, and my heart is light,
For day is awake again!

T. M. Banks.

REVEALING.

OUR lives are diamonds digged from out the clay,
Whose brilliance, crusted by the clinging earth,
May lie forever hid.

But rendered up,
And in the immortal Lapidary's hand
Held to the wheel of this unresting world,
They show a thousand faces to the light,
And mirror back its beams a thousand ways,
Charming the eye with iridescent flame.

T. M. Banks.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHERS have struggled sore
Since time began—perhaps before—
In their old-fashioned, rusty way,
That wearies men of humbler clay,
To find where life's true blessing lay.

The poets scarce concealed their mirth
At such display of conscious worth.
"To think," they cried in many an ode,
"Of moulding prudish, thread-bare code
To teach men virtue—*à la mode!*"

With the buried mass of ages
Lie the poets, lie the sages—
Forgot their maxims and their morals,
Passed away their dust, their laurels
Still the food for endless quarrels.

Do we find the puzzling question?
May I offer a suggestion?
Life's true blessing hidden lies
In no stern or solemn guise,
But—a glance from Dora's eyes.

P. S. Allen.

SERENADE.

SOFTLY the breath of a whispering breeze
Sighs in the boughs of the shadowy trees;
While the bright hosts of the summer-night sky,
Gladden the world with a gleam from on high.

See, where a light on yon low eastern hill
Grows 'mid the glory that heralds it still;
Now like a golden dome, fair as a dream,
Till the great moon rolls in splendor supreme.

Open thy lattice, love! Look on the night!
Clearer thine eye than the heavens so bright,
Softer thy voice than the summer wind's sigh,
Fairer thou art than the Queen of the Sky!

T. M. Banks.

THE HUNTER AND THE MAID.

THE hunter sang the wildwood through,
Heigho, the hunter's song!
And on his horn a blast he blew,
Heigho, full loud and long!
His maid was lonely in her bower;
Heigho, the bonny maid!
Her love came not for many an hour;
Heigho, how long he stayed!

At last the truant fared in sight;
Heigho, how glad was she!
Their lovers' vows anew they plight,
Heigho, in merry glee!
The hunter and the maid are wed;
Heigho, the wedding day!
The shadows from her life have fled;
Heigho, thus ends my lay!

E. L. Crandall.

TRIOLET.

SINCE I have looked upon your face,
I live in love and shall forever,
All others now have lost their grace
Since I have looked upon your face.
And shall another e'er replace

Your image in my heart! Oh never,
Since I have looked upon your face,
I live in love and shall forever.

E. R. White.

HOPE'S FAREWELL.

'TIS now all earth is robed in white,
The land a cloudy visage wears,
The birds to warmer climes have flown,
The trees lie buried in deep sleep.
When mortal man must wary be,
Lest mother earth, invested thus,
Shall throw upon her noble sons
A cloak of melancholy gray,
With brooch of deep despondency.
And life, its brighter side eclipsed,
While the sun's great light is hidden,
Seems tangled in a maze of wrongs;
And too, with earth's retreating smile,
All sense of joy has disappeared;
And pale despair, with wrinkled brow,
Frowns dark upon man's efforts vain.
Then Hope comes in all radiant,
And making fast with chains of Love,
The victim of her sister dread,
Anchors him fast in holding ground,
And, e'er departing, tells to him
The secret of her blessed joys.

L. P. Slade.

A VISION.

THROUGH all the way of shadows,
Through all the land of dreams,
That dim and misty region
Where never sunlight gleams,
There walks a pleasant vision,
With tender, happy eyes,
And in her face there shineth
A light that never dies.

Through all the way of shadows,—
My way of hope and plan,—
The land of dreams, uncertain
Since ever life began;
Through all the darkened vista,
Where bright spots are but few,
There shines one ray of glory,
A faithful love and true.

O Fates, who through the ages
Spin out the threads of life,
The golden gossamers of joy,
The tangled skeins of strife,
I know not what awaits me,
But, be it good or ill,
Grant that my Love still love me,
And—send what else you will.

G. L. Richardson.

SONNET.

(*On a picture in the April, '88, Lippincott.*)

O FAIR, sweet face, O shadowy, pictured dream,
O lovely vision from the lovely South,
Glad am I only o'er this page to dream.
Ah! happy he who from that perfect mouth
Shall know warm kisses—in those tender eyes,
Under the drooping lashes, long and fine,
The gleam of that glad light that never dies
Shall catch—O sweetness sweeter far than wine—
The honeyed wine of thine own sunny land,—
Only to see the beauty of thy face,
Only to feel the cool touch of thy hand,
Only to glimpse the glory of thy grace;
O pictured maiden, lowly at thy feet
We bow, far-off, and whisper, Love is sweet.

G. L. Richardson.

ARBUTUS.

'N wooded mountain slope, beside
Some fallen tree or jutting stone
Whose hard bare face the moss would hide,
And give a softness not its own—

Where, save the road that winds below,
No sign of man is seen around—
Where murm'ring stream in ceaseless flow
Breaks silence with the only sound—

In such a quiet favored place
The arbutus has found retreat,
And here uplifts its modest face,
Here breathes abroad its perfumes sweet.
Pink dainty petals made more fair
By dead brown leaves that strew the ground,
Half hiding in their tender care
The simple blossom they surround:
A gentle messenger of spring
With graceful loveliness replete,
As fair a bloom as earth can bring,—
An emblem of the pure and sweet.

Howard Kennedy, Jr.

SERVICE.

SEE thou be pure and high and know thy worth,
But yet beware, lest thine o'erweening pride
Or self-esteem destroy thy usefulness.

. . . . . .

Look off to yonder snow-clad mountain tall,
Whose robe of purest white is all agleam

Under the noon-day sun. Though men may say,
"How beautiful, sublime!" to me it seems—
Wrapped in a mantle of exclusiveness
That chills the very air—to hold its head
In coldest unconcern above the earth,
Superior to its comfort or its claims.

But turn thine eye to where the rolling sun
Sheds floods of golden radiance everywhere;
Think how its beams, that grace the mountain's crest,
Will cheer a corner in the peasant's cot,
Will chase the gloom from many a darkened mind
With their bright healing touch of kindliness.

. . . . . .

See thou be pure, but humble and sincere;
So, scorning not the touch of lower things,
While all secure from taint by conscious might,
May this thy purity be minister
Unto the sin and sorrow of the world.

T. M. Banks.

NOT FOR ME.

DOWN to the mountains of the West
The golden moon is slipping slow,
Spreading a silvery, silken sheen
O'er the gray old clouds that sleep below.

Away in the East, the ruddy glow,—
  Amorous, full,—of the planet Mars
Drives to a distance and half obscures
  The cold, pale, trembling, virgin stars.

Afar to the Southward, huge and black,
  Wrapped in a mystic, dreamsome haze,
The cloak-clad sentries of slumber-land,
  Their rugged tops the mountains raise.

Under the hill stands the gray clock-tower,
  Tangling the moon in its belfry black,
While below it the ivied walls
  Catch the breezes and hold them back.

Over the pathway, stately elms
  Bend to whisper and croon and coo,
Till all their wet and kissing leaves
  Runs a passionate shiver through.

The birds in the branches wake anon,
  Twitter a moment and fall asleep,
While, down by the river, the whip-poor-wills
  Plaintively tuneful vigils keep.

There seems a love-song in the air,
  The moon smiles softly—as at her sweet,
A weight of tenderness seems to press
  Even the glow-worms at my feet.

But, lost my darling, nights like this
  Bring to me only increase of pain—
Thou art another's—life is death—
  Chillness and gloom alone remain.

E. L. Crandall.

ROUGHENED SEAS.

LIGHTLY, on his ocean pillow,
  Slept the sea-gull, floating free;
On the sands there rolled no billow,
When at dawn we put to sea.

Now, his warning weirdly shrieking,
  Scarce the sea-gull breasts the gale;
Rudder, mast, and prow are creaking;
  Drips the foam from spar and sail.

Up the crest we dash, and totter,
  Down the trough we headlong leap:
Ho! though roars the rolling water,
  Straight to sea our course we keep!

Dim yon breakers, shoreward flashing;
  Dim yon low, green islands grow;
Fast and free and far we're dashing,
  Lofty ships beside us go.

Yearn we now for morning's quiet,—
  Seas of glass, with crimson wave?
No, we hail the billows' riot,
  Gladdest when they maddest rave!

So, on life's wide, mystic ocean,
  Launched we, in the blush of morn;
Danced our bark, with gentlest motion
  Out, o'er gleaming waters borne.

Loud, ere long, swept storm winds roaring;
  But our hearts swelled bold and high;
Nor, 'mid crash of waters warring,
  Wished we morning's tranquil sky.

Soon shall fall the twilight tender,
  Softly fall, o'er life and sea;
Then, in calm and crimson splendor,
  Tranquil shall our haven be.

Arthur Oliver.

THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

A GOOD old English gentleman,
  With acres broad and rent-roll long,
    Who hunts the fox,
    Nor heeds rough rocks,
And loves his wine and a hearty song.

And when the day's rough sport is o'er,
He loves to dine in his oaken hall,
And hold wassail
With English ale,
In the midst of his friends and kinsmen all.

He fought in Spain with the Iron Duke,
And under India's scorching sun,
And he loves to expound
As the bottle goes round,
How the battles were fought and the fields were won.

His face well seasoned with sun and storm,
And dyed with his excellent claret and port,
With his scarlet coat,
And the county vote,
He is loved by all in field and court.

H. W. Banks, Jr.

MOON FANCIES.

A SOMNOLENCE creeps o'er the silent sands,
That stills the quiver in the whisp'ring reeds;
The mumbling sea is counting of his beads,
Droning a prayer to the responsive lands.
A dream comes floating from the feathery foam,
Veiled in a fleece that seems itself a dream.

Along the white-capped crests, a wand'ring beam
Of laughing, elfin light dares hither roam,
Glinting some shell late stranded by the gale,
E'en peering through the gateway of my soul,
Where, brother tempests, love and wonder roll,—
And bathes the portal with refulgence pale.
Sweet symphony, though speechless yet so strong,
Thy harmony thrills all my thought with song.

Samuel Abbott.

A VALENTINE.

I'M penning you a greeting
This sweet confession-time,
With Cupid gently beating
The music of its rhyme.
Pray list to my entreating,
Pray, read this pleading line,
For I in song so deeply long
To be your Valentine.

My page will soon be bearing
This message Love has framed,
And eager hopes preparing
To share what it has claimed;
Let, dear, your heart be daring,
Give Cupid but a sign
That he may say for this one day
I am your Valentine.

My page will whisper sweeter
  Confessions than I write ;
His cunning wings are fleeter
  Than flash of morning light.
Forth, Cupid, then and greet her,
  Breathe magic words of thine,
And backward fly and say that I
  May be her Valentine.

S. T. Livingston.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

AS in some old cathedral's chill and gloom
  (Some vast memorial of the long ago),
Where lengthening isles of shadowy columns loom,
  And arching stone looks down on stone below,
Through one rich stainèd window comes a ray
  Of golden light athwart the carven stone,
And gives to what it touches, cold and gray
  Before, a warmth and brightness once unknown ;

So in the winter's darkest days and drear,
  There comes the golden ray of Christmas-tide,
The light and warmth and glow of Christmas cheer,

And failing hearts that battle, sorely tried,
Grow strong again. We greet thee, happy Day!
O golden Day of "peace, good-will to men!"
Brighten the darkness of our lonely way,
With light that shines, and fadeth not again.

G. L. Richardson.

Selections from The Quarterly.

MEMORY.

'TIS beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow,
No light gleams at the window save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step sweet Memory comes,
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted shadowy land where Memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree,
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days;
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend
The weeping-willows o'er the sacred dust

Of dear departed ones ; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand,
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues : some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below ;
Others are floating through the dreamy air ;
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues ; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadows of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of Memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And Memory dim with dark oblivion joins ;
When woke the first-remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn ;
And wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,

Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf,
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er a summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

J. A. Garfield.

A SOPHIST.

"WHAT are you doing, Joe?" said I.
"Oh! nothing, sir," was Joe's reply.
"And you, there, Tom, pray let me know"—
"I 'm busy, sir; I 'm helping Joe."
"Is nothing, then, so hard to do,
That thus it takes the time of two?"
"No," says the other, with a smile,
And grins and chuckles all the while;
"But we 're such clever chaps, d 'ye see,
Nothing 's too hard for Joe and me."

THE BROOK.

THROUGH the meadow, slowly winding
With a rippling murmur, finding
Way to run with tripping feet,
See the rounded pebble bounding,
Always singing, sighing, sounding,
Runs the brook with music sweet.

O'er its surface, sunbeams, dancing,
Sport and play with wavelets, glancing
  Back in trembling sprays of light,
Which forever quake and shiver
As the wavelets quiver, quiver,
  Through the sunshine, warm and bright.

Now it runs on sand and shingle,
And its waters seem to jingle,
  As they swiftly hurry on.
Now amid the rocks 't is falling;
And the echoes, sweetly calling,
  Send us back its merry song.

Now it with the lilies dallies;
Then its little might it rallies,
  And onward darts, with start and hiss,
Speeding on with haste and hurry,
Tumbling on, with whirl and flurry,
  O'er each tiny precipice.

Now its little song 't is singing
To mossy banks, where violets springing
  Spread their perfume on the air.
And each pretty floweret, bending
O'er the water bright, is lending
  Beauty to the Summer fair.

Now the brook with beauty 's teeming!
And how bright its water 's gleaming

As it glides past rock and tree!
How it turns and twists and doubles,
How it bubbles, bubbles, bubbles,
On the journey to the sea.

Through the meadows gently winding,
With a rippling murmur, finding
Way to run with tripping feet,
O'er the rounded pebbles bounding,
Glides the brook with music sweet.

G. P. Noble.

APOSTROPHE.

(*To the Bronze Statue on the Soldiers' Monument at Williams College.*)

I.

THIS with a reverence that I seldom pay
Mere brass or marble, that I look on thee,
Thou eloquent memorial of a day
Whose like, Heaven grant, we never more may see!
When arms unto the toga gave command,
And Mars, not Pallas, ranged the student band.

II.

When e'en this cradle in the mountains roared
With distant tones of internecine war;
And the stern call to buckle on the sword
Swelled from the nation's capital afar;

While the sweet cadence of the chapel bell
Like notes of bivouac-rousing bugle fell.

III.

When, armed to save the perilled nation's life,
  Each hamlet sent its youthful warriors forth,
And Freedom's legions, marshalled for the strife,
  Poured like a deluge from the loyal North,
To far-off battles, following the drum,
Whence, ah, how many nevermore should come!

IV.

Methinks, O image! on thy brow I see
  The spirit of that unforgotten time—
The student-soldier tempered lovingly
  With sadness, chastening all their youthful prime—
The patriot, musing o'er Antietam's plain,
Or Gettysburg piled with its ghastly slain.

V.

Forever on thy lofty pedestal
  Stand thou! a teacher of the days to come.
Speak to old Williams' sons of those who fell
  For God, for Country, and for Freedom's home!
And with these everlasting hills proclaim
The martyr patriot's undying fame!

E. W. B. Canning.

Selections from The Weekly.

MY LADIE'S FAN.

MY ladie's fan is softe with down,
And riche with mingled gold and brown,
Inwrought with servyle patience, leste
Som minor touch might fail of beste,
And forfeit faire perfection's crowne.

Her glove, her shoo—which clame renown
In tuneful verse—and eke her gown,
With all their charms, doe but suggest
My ladie's fan.

Its flutt'ring breth has power to drown
The carkeing gossip of the town ;
But when it swetely lies at rest
Upon my gentle ladie's breast
I 'd love to bee (oh, spare the frowne !)
My ladie's fan.

R. L. Hartt.

THE FOOL'S LOGIC.

QUOTH the much-witted fool to his master, the king :
"Clutch tightly your crown, for it 's logic I bring.
By logic the world makes its regular rounds,
And the prince will be king, sir, on logical grounds.
Of the princes," quoth he, "one reads day and night.
A 'book-worm,' you call him, O king ! am I right ?
You grant it. The other his learning confines
To the study of angles, the cosines and sines ;
The former 's a book-worm, the latter you 'd call ?
Why, bless me ! an—angle-worm. Logic—that 's all."

I. S. Underhill.

THE QUEST OF SPRING.

NOW Nature takes her shield anew,
That rusted all the Winter thro',
To garnish it for Spring.

She scours her fields of vert and green,
And brightens all the silver sheen ;
For Spring has won his spurs.

This rare emblazonry will be
Studded with gules of bush and tree,
In wonderful device.

Then errant over hill and dale,
A quest for Nature's Holy Grail!
He 'll find it sure in June.

E. R. White.

LOVE'S ATTIC.

THE attic of young Cupid's house
I visited one day;
To see the tattered bits of love,
That there were stored away.

For cast-off odds-and-ends of hearts,
About the place were strewn,
Like baubles of some other days,
That long ago had flown.

But yet, the withered roses there
—Frail wreaths from Love's own tomb,—
Upon the dusty mellow air,
Still shed a faint perfume.

E. R. White.

A SUMMER'S LOVE.

A LILY was enamoured of a rose,
And tried each livelong day, in vain, to tell
His tender love, and gentle throbbing throes;
The rose blushed on unknowing at the well.

The lily's waxen face was turning pale,
When, tossing up and down, he saw above
A vagrant bee, to whom he told his tale,
And gave to him the mission of his love.

The bee buzzed to the rose and whispered low.
His embassy I 'm sure was not in vain,
For one can see them now when breezes blow
A nodding each to each across the lane.

E. R. White.

RONDEAU.

AN artless song of other days
Divides the retrospective haze,
That fills the Vale of Life, between
The now and then. Quite unforeseen,
The old dead memories upraise.

That there 's a wound that ever stays,
My sudden tremor well betrays,
And what has caused this heartache keen ?
An artless song.

Yes ! When my vagrant fancy strays
In those but half-remembered ways,
I see a shrined but unthroned queen ;
A dreamy form with wistful mien
Comes back to me as some one plays
An artless song.

E. R. White.

TIT FOR TAT.

HE timidly climbed up the brown-stone steps,
He timidly rang the bell,
He felt that this visit might be his last,
But why so he could not tell.

As he stood by the door the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say:
"John, tell him that I am out."

As the door was opened with stately mien,
He said to the butler tall,
"Pray, go to Miss Jones with my compliments
And tell her I did not call."

McGregor Jenkins.

THE RIME OF THE COOKING-SCHOOL GIRL.

PART I.

I.

Pretty maiden
With a book,
She is learning
How to cook.

II.

Sleeves rolled up and
Snowy arms,
Rosy cheeks and
Other charms

III.

Help the maid to
Make a mash
As she tries to
Make the hash.

IV.

Youth comes in and
Begs to eat
Something made by
Maiden sweet.

PART II.

I.

He has left us
Ever-more,
Left us for
Another shore,

II.

Where the gentle
Breezes blow,
Where sweet-scented
Flowers grow.

III.

They have laid him
'Neath the sod,
'Neath the fern and
Golden-rod.

IV.

Sweetest maiden
Ever seen
Always keeps his
Grave quite green.

F. T. Newcomb.

UPON THE STAGE.

UP on the stage one summer day,
The while it rumbled on its way
So slowly through the busy street,
Beside me sat a maiden sweet,
A-going to the matinée.

Just how it chanced I cannot say ;
She stole my very heart away,
She seemed so lovely, so petite,
Up on the stage.

Thought I : " This girl will go astray ;
A ballet holds the boards to-day."
So thither then I turned my feet
And from the very foremost seat
I saw her dancing in the play
Upon the stage.

A. K. Willyoung.

THE SAILOR.

A SAILOR bold am I,
For the dashing surf I sigh,
I long to be
Away on the sea,
On the billows rolling high.

From port to port I sail,
All over the world I roam,
The briny wave
I fearless brave,
O the sea it is my home !

I 've been from east to west,
I 've coursed from shore to shore ;
I 'm gay and free ;
It 's not for me
To care or wish for more.

I love my saucy craft ;
I love to see her skim
O'er waters blue,
With helm so true
And sails and yards so trim.

A sailor's life—heigho !
A sailor's life for me ;
Come what may,
I 'm bound to stay
On the dark and rolling sea.

P. S. Wild.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

TEXT : *Smoking.*

"THE habit of smoking is vulgar, you know,
Only fit for those people whose instincts are low,"
Insisted his wife as she sat by his side,
To which opposition he calmly replied :
"You 'd surely call Milton a high-minded man,
Not so, my dear wife ? His life did n't pan

Out a failure, you know ; well now I insist
If all smokers are low he 's down on your list.

" Carlyle, you 'll admit, was a genius, nicht wahr ?
(Excuse me a jiff while I light my cigar.)
He smoked like a chimney, Clarissa, my dear,
While Lamb smoked each month more than I
smoked last year.
Old Newton at church with his conscience quite
clear
Fumed with tobacco the pews in the rear.

" Your Dickens smoked too, while Thackeray's
clothes
Were soaked with tobacco fume thro' to his hose.
In short, dear Clarissa, my list would contain
The name of each genius from Raleigh to Twain."
Then smiling she answered, with logic elate :
" You promise to swear off until you are great ? "

I. S. Underhill.

ON THE BALCONY.

'TWAS just after twilight, and standing
Alone on the balcony, I
Was watching the gathering darkness
And the stars coming out in the sky.

And she came to me there in the dimness,
  Her little hand slipped into mine,
And we silently stood there together—
  With feelings—ah! who can define?

Then I bent down and lovingly kissed her
  As she stood there so close by my side,
And she took it all strangely demurely
  And smiled, never thinking to chide.

From above, a small star, looking, saw me,
  And tipped me a kind of a wink,
As if it would say, not unkindly,
  You 're spooning, young fellow, I think.

But I was n't. Most every one kissed her.
  My right was undoubted and clear,
For you see 't was my small baby sister;
  After all, it was n't so queer.

J. T. Newcomb.

SONG.

THE winter sun is shining high
  Across the snow,
And looks with brave and cheery eye
  On men below.
But some see naught but clouds and rain,

Some but the hope of sordid gain,
And some, weighed down by sin and pain,
In darkness go,
Though still the sun is bright on high
Across the snow.

T. M. Banks.

HARD-HEARTED.

HER wavy hair was black as coal;
Her laughing eyes were jet;
Her ev'ry smile showed teeth of pearl
Among red rubies set.

And so it was not strange that when
I sought her for my own,
I found—alas! my blasted hope!—
I found her heart was stone.

A. K. Willyoung.

A TRAGEDIE.

GN Mohawk vallie,
(1804)
Ten pritie maids
And youths—a score,
Went out upon
A sleighing partie.

In Mohawk vallie
(1804)
A band of Indians
Spilt ye gore
Of pritie maids and youths (a score)
—A slaying partie.

H. W. Edson.

AT THE GERMAN.

SOFT music filled the dancing-hall;
With measures sweet and low,
Over the polished floor we tripped
The light fantastic toe.

And as we swiftly whirled about,
Her lips she gently stirred,
And quickly forward then I leaned,
To catch the whispered word.

I hoped to hear some word of love,
Thus spoken as we danced,
She slowly raised her eyes to mine,
And then away she glanced.

How cruelly my hopes she dashed,—
In accents short and terse,
She softly said, beneath her breath,
"I wish you would reverse."

McGregor Jenkins.

ALUMNUS' REPLY TO INVITATION.

I WOULD I had a bag of pelf
Big as the pack of Bunyan's sinner
I 'd send it down in lieu of self
To fill a chair at Williams' dinner.

Would I had Midas' chance of old,
I 'd starve a week and well afford it;
I 'd turn all Boston bay to gold,
And bid old Williams come and hoard it.

Her pressing wants supplying thus,
I 'd fix the future to succeed it;
I 'd Hoosac make a Pactolus,
To tap whenever she might need it.

E'en as it is, my hope is strong
That the old dame may be a winner;
For I have known the proverb long—
"Ask men for favors AFTER DINNER."

E. W. B. Canning.

ALUMNI SONG.

YE travellers,—who on a foreign strand
Have tarried many a year,—
The language of their native land,
Rejoicing, pause to hear;
So let us summon back again
The words of bygone days,

And raise the old, familiar strain
To Alma Mater's praise.

Her counsels were our youthful guide;
Their memory lingers yet,
Though feet that once walked side by side
In devious paths are set.
But wheresoe'er those feet may stray,
We firmly hold the clew
By which our thoughts retrace the way
To Alma Mater true.

With her our hearts responsive beat
In warm affections glow,
While Greylock stands, and at his feet
The Hoosac's waters flow.
Our youth was hers, and, manhood past,
E'en Death shall powerless be
To break the ties that hold us fast,
O Mother dear, to thee.

T. W. Davis.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

YON slopes of frosted silver stand
Full clear and bright against a sky
Intensely blue.
On either hand
Great, silent mountains nearer lie
In darker shade, and pencilled thick

With countless trunks of forests old,
All naked to the stinging cold.
The distant heights seem near,
And listen! for I hear
The sighing of the leafless trees
A-swaying in the biting breeze.

T. M. Banks.

RONDEAU.

THE name of Bess recalls from yore,
From quaint old England's foreign store,
The days when gallant sworded blades
Accompanied Falstaff on his raids
And listened to the oaths he swore.

At some old Inn's vine-trellised door,
The landlord's sack they can't ignore;
And pledge, forgetting other maids,
The name of Bess.

But not the thought of past's quaint store,
Shall make me this sweet name adore,
But sunny strolls in glassy glades.
These memories my heart persuades,
I 'll ever love the girl that bore,
The name of Bess.

E. R. White.

SPECULATION *VS.* EMPIRICISM.

SAID he, "Your lips look just delicious,"
And she, in sweet, blushing confusion,
Made answer both wise and capricious,
"Pray draw no such hasty conclusion."

R. L. Hartt.

DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

ALTHOUGH it shows a want of sense, they say,
To quibble over straws and small affairs;
Yet in Biology the other day
The wise Professor set us "splitting hares."

F. T. Harward.

A BANKRUPT VOICE.

ALTHOUGH he is a monied man,
It 's strange a hundred throats
Should raise, each time he tries to sing,
A protest 'gainst his notes!

E. R. White.

JINGLES OF ODD KEYS.

I.

I DO not wish to study hard
And swing a golden key;
My watch a fine stem-winder is,—
What good would it do me?

II.

I touched the slender hand with mine,
And gazed on the pale cold face;
It did not quail, the voice was mute;
A change must have taken place.
I tried to think what I had done—
Indifference, thoughtless slight,
Unmeant neglect—there was the key,
The clock must be wound to-night.

N. H. Dutcher.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

OVER the hills the May winds blow,
Sweet laden with scent and song,
And the budding branches whisper low
As the gentle breezes come and go,
And the vales with wild flowers throng.
But what care I for the merry lay
That the Spring-tuned songsters trill,
When you, my love, are far away
Over the hill.

Over the hills December's blast
  Blows full loud and keen,
And the trees, gaunt-armed, as it rushes past
Wave branches bare and over-glassed
  With Winter's white frost sheen.
But what care I though they toss amain,
  And the winds blow fierce and shrill,
Since you, my love, are back again
  From over the hill.

J. T. Newcomb.

QUATRAIN.

WE paddled on the river ;
  What pleasure such as this !
Although we were not married,
  It was canoe-bial bliss.

E. R. White.

MY FIRST LOVE.

A VISION steals upon my thoughts,
  —A lithe little form in white ;
The fragrant haze floats back again ;
I dream of that moonlit night,
And sigh in vain for that sweet hour
When, charmed by the fair coquette,
I 'll find relief from reckless vows
Inhaling that cigarette !

N. H. Dutcher.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

THE paper filled a column
With a story, long and solemn,
Of a righteous man's deplored decline and fall:
How they dragged him to the station
In complete intoxication
After Mrs. So-and-So's delightful ball.

This modest little mention
Won such general attention
That in one short week the good man's grave was dug.
Give the editor the glory,
For he might have told the story
In three such little words as

Jig,
Jag,
Jug.

R. L. Hartt.

A RETORT COURTEOUS.

I LOVED her and tried to speak,
But words I could not find.
I said, "You sure would listen if
I could express my mind!"

"Express companies will not take,
A thing that 's quite so frail,
So wrap it up," she laughing said,
"And send it off by mail!"

E. R. White.

DUPLICITY.

"I'LL find a fence on which to sit,"
She whispered tenderly,
"And there beneath the watching stars,
You may tell your love for me."

My heart with joy was overweighed,
But pleasure changed to ire,
For when I found the trysting-place,
The fence was barbèd wire!

E. R. White.

AFTER THE SEASON.

HIS face is bruised and battered and his ribs
are mostly shattered,
And his beauty is a long-forgotten dream,
But he 's wined and dined and fêted, and with glory
he is sated,
For he 's half-back on the college football team.

T. H. Simmons.

CECILIA PLAYING.

HER execution wins unbounded praise,
But now that I have heard her
I must discard the euphemistic phrase,
And call it simply murder.

R. L. Hartt.

A MAIDEN'S WAYS.

A MAIDEN'S ways are sadly strange;
They are, beyond a doubt;
But no young man believes the fact
Until he 's found her out.

A maiden's ways are sadly strange;
—A fact I used to doubt,—
Until a girl asked me to call,
And then—I found her out!

A. K. Willyoung.

COUNTER-EVIDENCE.

I ALWAYS shall remember
How her dainty little hand,
Pressed my own with gentler feeling
Than I dared to understand;
How that gracious, tender pressure
Sent a thrill through all my frame,
Till I found myself submitting
To a power I could not name.

But think her not coquettish,
Or bold in making love;
For she stood behind the counter,
And was fitting on a glove.

R. L. Hartt.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

LONG years ago in Moses' time,
When people were troubled with woes,
They tore their hair and in their grief
They savagely rent their clothes.

And so it is in college now
When students are troubled with woes,
They tear no hair, but in their grief
They savagely rent their clothes.

A. K. Willyoung.

THE TWO MAIDS.

TWO maids as fair as maids can be;
Fair twins, both blond are they
But both coquettes and shallow-souled,
Dressed up in style to-day.

They paint sometimes when color fails;
Delight in laces fine:
Two maids, two ready-mades are they,
These russet shoes of mine.

F. P. Kimball.

THE MODERN WAY.

TRADE has usurped the Muses' realm,
And Pan has fled the hills,
And woodland scenes are always marred,
By sundry "ads" of pills.

The nymphs and dryads all are dead,
Mythology must go,
These modern days would show a pan
Scoured by Sapolio!

E. R. White.

A SPRING-TIME IDYL.

ACROSS the road, a figure trim
Whose glancing eyes, beneath the brim
Of her new Easter hat, invite,—
Or seem to, with their roguish light,—
To join her in the twilight dim.

His heart beats with a sudden vim
As she throws back a glance at him;
Her eyes exert a subtle might
Across the road.

O mocking fates! For fortune grim
Denies this joy with cruel whim.
His face grows paler at the sight,
He 's somewhat in Leander's plight;
To talk with her he 'll have to swim
Across the road. *E. R. White.*

Songs.

THE MOUNTAINS.

OH, proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land,
With their kingly forest robes to the sky,
Where Alma Mater dwelleth with her chosen band,
And the peaceful river floweth gently by.

The snows of winter crown them with a crystal crown,
And the fleecy clouds of summer round them cling;
The autumn's scarlet mantle falls in richness down,
And they revel in the garniture of spring.

Oh, mightily they battle with the storm-king's pow'r;
And conquerors, shall triumph here for aye:
Yet quietly their shadows fall at evening hour,
While the gentle breezes round them softly play.

Beneath their peaceful shadows may old Williams
stand,
Till suns and mountains nevermore shall be,
The glory and the honor of our mountain land,
And the dwelling of the gallant and the free.

CHORUS:
The mountains! the mountains! we greet you
with a song
Whose echoes, rebounding your woodland heights
along,
Shall mingle with anthems that winds and fountains
sing,
Till hill and valley gaily, gaily ring.

Washington Gladden.

TO THEE, O WILLIAMS.[1]

TO thee, O Williams, true and tried,
Our hymns of love we raise;
Each heart beats fast with throbbing zeal
To sing thy fame in praise.
For thee the mountains give their voice
That thunders through the vale,
Thy strength can breast the angry flood
And winter every gale.

[1] Sung by the Williams Glee Club to air of Eichberg's National Hymn.

Oh, bind us to thee sure and fast,
With chains of lasting steel,
Each link a memory, pure and sweet,
That doth a love reveal.
O Brothers, stand we firm and strong
For her whose name we bear;
And where our footsteps find a home
We 'll plant her banner there.

Samuel Abbott.

PARIS' SONG.

IN all Verona's wide domain,
There 's none so fair and sweet,
As she who in my bosom reigns,
And conquest makes complete.

Fair Juliet's eyes are diamonds bright,
Like waters deep and clear,
And at their bid in hapless plight,
Fond Cupid doth appear.

She walks erect with queenly mien,
Like men she doth disdain,
While I whose love is all unseen,
Alas, I love in vain!

W. H. Edwards.

FRIAR'S SONG.

SOLEMN and dignified
I make my stately way,
Praying and chanting
From dawn till the close of day.

O Judicare, Judicare Domine,
Praying and chanting
From dawn till the close of day.

Hist ! do a step I hear ?
Some one comes this way !
Hist ! not a step I hear !
No one comes this way !

Now for a little glee
Just for you and me,
To keep a sad heart from repining.
Too sad by half,
Let 's have a laugh.

Now a happy past
Rises to me,
Love was in a heart
Happy and free.
Now those days are dead ;
Gone from me,
For a grave lies
O'er the sea.

Now I see her there
  Watching for me ;
Bright eyes, true eyes,
  I loved thee.
Now tears in my eyes
  Ever must be,
For a grave lies
  O'er the sea.

W. H. Edwards.

BÉLINDA CLÁRISSA.

I.

DOWN by the river there dwells a little maiden fair,
  She is so pretty with big blue eyes and golden hair,
And if you ask me, why I 'm always going there,
Don't you know? Speak it low, she loves me !

CHORUS :

Heigh-ho ! Heigh-ho ! Then she 's the girl for me,
  Were she a perfect virago,
  I 'd still be true, I love her so.
Heigh-ho ! Heigh-ho ! My heart 's no longer free,
And the reason is,—why, don't you know ? She loves me !

II.

What do we call her? Well, her first name is Bélinda,
Then she 's another, her second name is Clárissa,
Jones is her last name, but she 'll change it soon for, ah !
Bélinda, Clárissa, she loves me !
CHORUS :

III.

She has a mamma who loves me not, I 'm sorry to say,
She has a papa who hates me worse from day to day,
They set the bull-dog on me when I go that way,
Bow, wow, wow ! there 's a row—she loves me !
CHORUS :

IV.

Soon down the river our old barn-door will float along,
Down from her window there will be thrown a clothes-line strong,
Now for the parson, we will each to each belong,
Bélinda, Clárissa, she loves me !
CHORUS :

W. H. Edwards.

EPH. WILLIAMS.

I.

OH, here 's to the health of Eph. Williams,
Who founded a school in Billville,
And when he was scalped by the Indians
He left us his "bood" in his will.

II.

And out of this school grew a college,
Renowned for base-ball and free-trade,
And many a statesman and scholar
Old Ephraim's boodle has made.

III.

Oh, here 's to old Fort Massachusetts,
And here 's to the old Mohawk trail,
And here 's to historical Peri
Who grinds out this sorrowful tale.